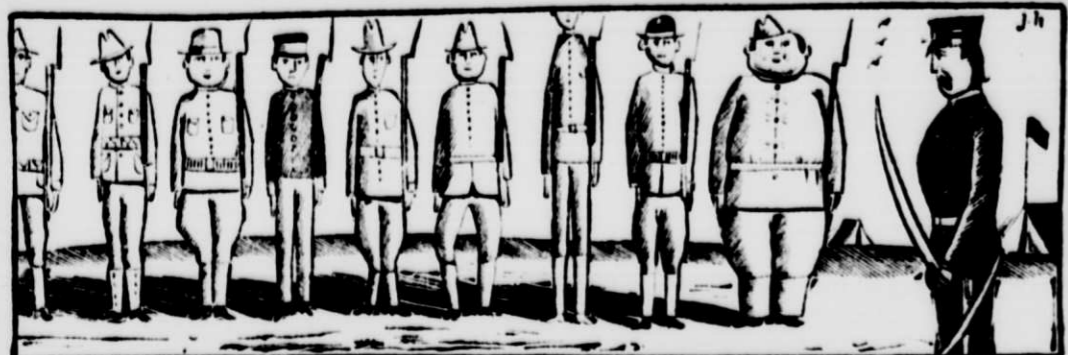




## THE WEEK IN RHYME

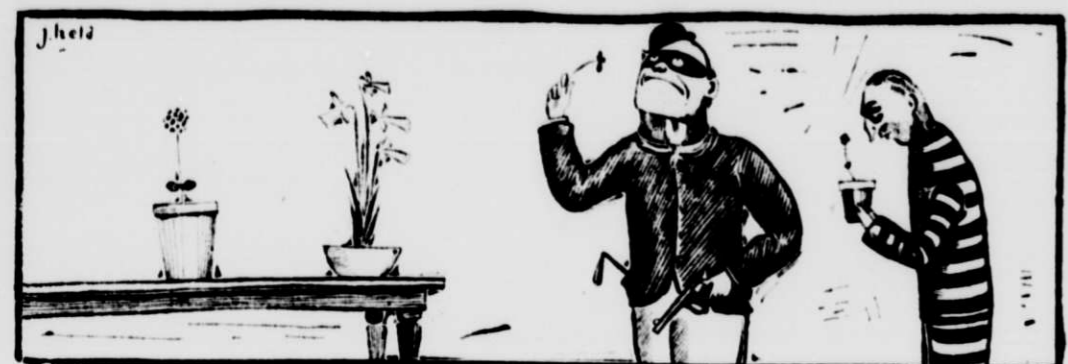
By DANA BURNET.

THE search for Villa still proceeds  
Through miles of heated head-  
lines;  
Sir Funston told the Mexicans  
They must not cross the deadlines.  
Our land reserve of sixteen men  
Will soon be fit for capture,  
Carranza's mood  
Is almost rude,  
And life is filled with rapture.



Our land reserve of sixteen men will soon be fit for capture.

The Bowery may undergo  
A change of nomenclature,  
The latest styles, we understand,  
Are very close to nature.  
The golden Bock is now in stock—  
One swallow makes a summer,  
The sky this week  
Has sprung a leak—  
Will some one page the plumber?



'Tis said a flower in the home improves one's moral rating.

Berlin is coyly hinting at  
A reconciliation;  
She has not had so sane a thought  
Since Belgium was a nation.  
And yet the Allies do not trust  
The Kaiser's burning glances,  
With cruel art  
They stab his heart  
And stop his least advances.

### A MODERN DIARY.

MONDAY: Cutting down on my cigarettes.  
I'm not going to begin until after break-  
fast.

Tuesday: Great idea this, not smoking before  
breakfast. I have no doubt now, looking back  
on it, that it did me harm. Smoking in mod-  
eration is all right; it's a good thing. If I  
thought it was doing me the slightest harm, I  
would quit altogether.

Wednesday: Thinking of stopping altogether.  
Why not? Perhaps I'd better try it for a week,  
which will soon pass. The absolute conviction  
that I can stop at any time, however, makes  
a thing like this seem unnecessary. I certainly  
never would touch another cigarette if I thought  
it was doing me the slightest harm.

Thursday: Jones called my attention today to  
a paragraph in an article about tobacco, in which  
the statement was made that certain business  
men, smoking many cigarettes a day, who  
smoked cigarettes—said they couldn't do their  
best work. Don't believe a word of it!

Friday: I cut out cigarettes yesterday. Yes,  
it was a sudden determination. I was sitting  
by myself, smoking, when suddenly I thought,  
"Why not try it for a week or so?" With that  
I threw the cigarette away. I was quite sure  
that I could do it, in spite of what I had heard.  
Don't think I shall ever take it up again. What's  
the use? They must do harm, that's logical.

Saturday: Wonderful! Of course I feel rather  
shaky, but I realize now what those coffee balls  
were doing for me; strange how blind we can be!

Sunday: Had a narrow escape this afternoon.  
The thought of a cigarette had absolutely ban-  
ished itself from my mind. I was introduced to  
an awfully nice chap, and while we were stand-  
ing talking, he pulled out his case, and offered  
me a cigarette. Then suddenly, without any  
warning, I felt as if I must have one! Jones,  
in the distance, was looking at me out of the  
corner of his eye, and I passed it up and de-  
clined. Of course it was only an instant.

Monday: I feel quite safe now. I have been  
through every kind of a test, and haven't smoked  
a "cig" since Thursday—that's four days. No  
trouble at all. And maybe I don't feel better!

Tuesday: I smoked just one cigarette today  
as a matter of duty. I feel that I have myself so  
well in hand that I could do it. Am satisfied  
that I should have tapered off. Felt immensely  
better immediately.

Wednesday: I smoked three today. This is  
my limit. My idea is to smoke three for, say,  
a week, then two, then one. By that time the  
change will be so gradual that I can stop defi-  
nitely.

Thursday: Jones caught me smoking, and  
seemed to think that I had gone back to it.  
Nonsense!

Friday: No more cigarettes for me! Jones was  
right. Fastest thing I ever did!

Saturday: I've been through the mill! I'm a  
man at last! No more cigarettes!

Sunday: Never felt worse in my life.  
Monday: Bought a package of cigarettes this  
morning, smoked four, and then threw the rest  
out of the window. Spent afternoon in walking  
through the grass and searching for them!

Tuesday: At last I've discovered the secret of  
smoking. And that is to smoke only after each  
meal! How I despise those fellows who can't  
control themselves!

One button to the morning coat  
Is Gotham's ruling passion.  
Our motto is to keep abreast  
Of each important fashion.  
The colors for the current year  
Are growing somewhat shyer.  
The tie should be  
Concealed for tea,  
And ladies' skirts are higher.

Real gasoline will soon be used  
As perfume by the wealthy.  
A meal a day, the doctors say,  
Would keep the cosmos healthy.  
'Tis rumored that the G. O. P.  
Is flirting with the Colonel,  
The Army Bill  
Is pale and still,  
And Bryan springs eternal.

A renaissance in poodle dogs  
Is earnestly predicted.  
King Albert will not mention peace  
Till Wilhelm is evicted.  
'Tis said a flower in the home  
Improves one's moral rating.  
The submarines  
Are causing scenes,  
And Congress is debating.

### A GOING AWAY CONVERSATION.

"ARE you ready, darling?"

"Yes, mother dear."

"The beautiful young girl, who was  
about to depart on her way to the young ladies'  
seminary, paused for a moment as her fond  
mother examined her carefully. Then the mother  
said:

"Will you try to get along with one motor car?"

"Oh, yes, mother. Not every girl has two."

"And I wouldn't spend more than a thousand  
a week, dear. It is vulgar, you know, to make  
an overdisplay."

"I'll remember."

"You're going to take your own piano?"

"Oh, certainly."

"And you are sure one suite of rooms will be  
enough?"

"Dear mother, yes! I intend that my entertain-  
ments shall be very simple."

"What have you done about a dancing master  
for the turkey trot, the grizzly bear and the other  
latest things?"

"I have engaged a divine artist, who will teach  
me everything right up to the minute, as some  
vulgar college girl might say."

"How about your textbooks, dear?"

"I've ordered them specially bound for me in  
velvet."

"And your gymnasium equipment?"

"Yes, mother. I have ordered the apparatus  
I will use, all gold plated. I knew you would  
wish this."

"At such a manifestation of thoughtfulness the  
now overjoyed mother threw her arms around  
her dear daughter's neck."

"How proud I am of you," she exclaimed.  
"Any girl who is as thoughtful as you are is  
bound to get on in this world, even if you didn't  
have the advantage of a private education."

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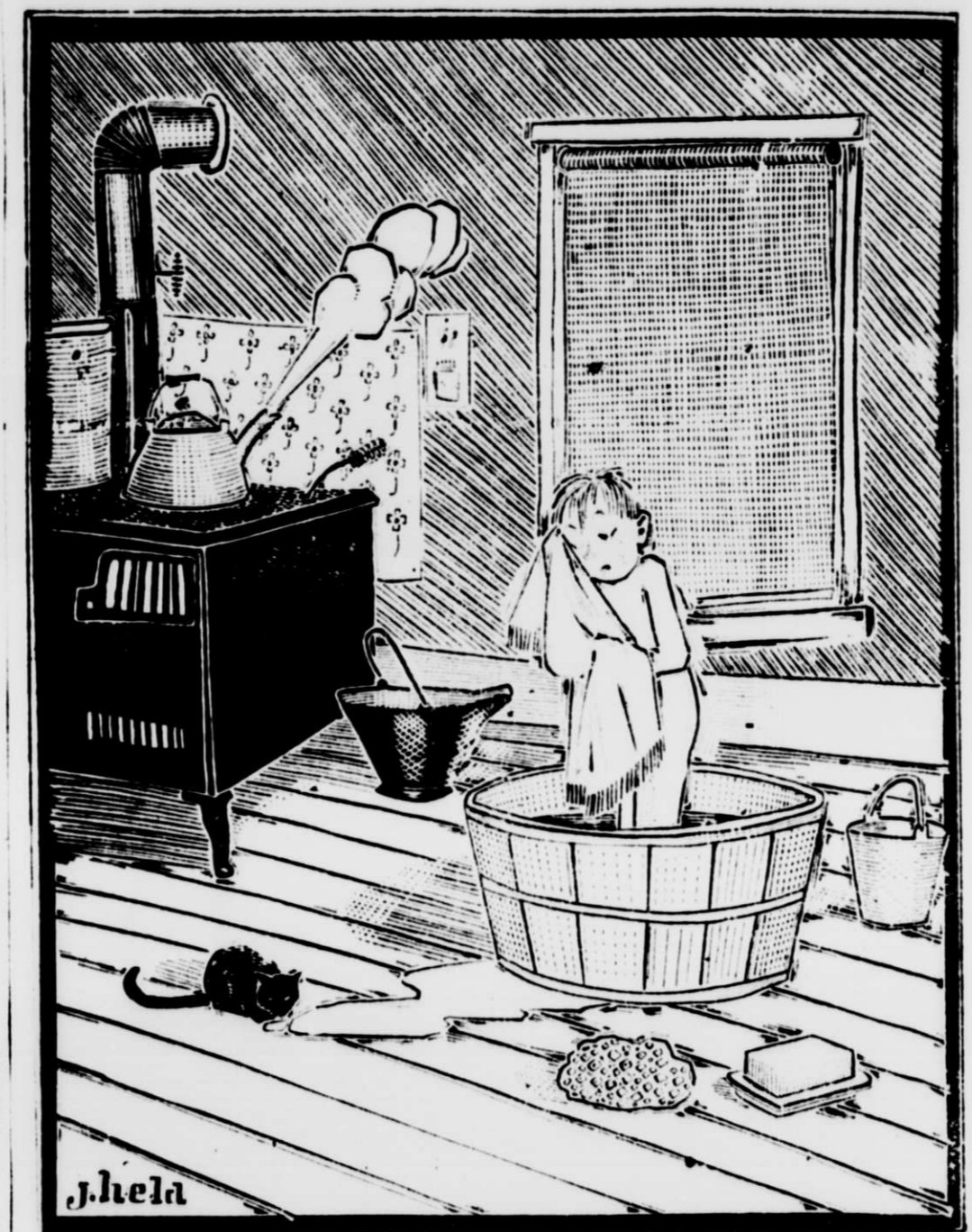
## THE INSIDIOUS BATH

By DON MARQUIS.

THE Romans, after they had subjugated the  
world, began to bathe; in the height of  
power and victory they sowed the seeds  
of ultimate defeat. Within a brief five  
hundred years after they took to bathing the  
republic had become an empire and that empire had  
fallen. The virile Goths and Germans, Huns and  
vandals, unwashed and hardly and unshaven,  
swarmed over the Alps and descended upon Rome,  
stabbing their horses in the marble baths where  
once Senator and Emperor had feebly disported  
themselves in effeminate luxury.

Kingdom after kingdom has thus disappeared,  
as the soil does from the slopes of mountains  
during the spring floods, by a process of erosion.  
The Turks found the baths of Byzantium await-  
ing them when they overthrew its enervated  
Christian defenders in the fifteenth century; that  
was only half a thousand years ago, and today  
the Turkish Empire shows every evidence of de-  
cline. No nation can bathe consistently and per-  
sistently for five hundred years and survive.

The practice is unnatural. There is an in-  
stinctive shrinking from it on the part of all un-  
spoiled and innocent people. The made young of  
the human species can give you no reason for  
their settled aversion to the bath, and yet the  
intuition that it is all wrong is one of the most  
positive and poignant feelings of their healthy  
natures. The sub-conscious mind of a normal



He regards it as an affectation.

boy warns him that the bath is the first downy  
ward step; psychically he perceives that it can  
only lead to feebility and decadence; it is to him  
a bathos, a thing, a shock to his nobler nature  
and his finer sensibilities.

To be washed with the bath is one thing; to  
go swimming is a pleasure, but the pampered, de-  
bilitated, formal, conventional, regular bath he can  
only regard as the affection of a decadent  
mind; the bath is a thing, a shock to his nobler nature  
and his finer sensibilities.

These almost mystical reactions of the growing  
boy are not lightly to be disregarded. Reason  
has not yet fully asserted its sway over his being;  
thought is not yet the impelling cause of his  
activities. He has a body, he almost has a soul,  
he has little mind of his own. Body and soul  
alike are far more responsive to the influences  
and suggestions of the known and unknown uni-  
verse than they will be a few years later.

The boy responds chemically and spiritually to the  
strong and subtle and mysterious natural forces  
with an unthinking directness. The fresh, un-  
withered tendrils of his ego reach out unhesi-  
tantly to suck up nourishment from his sur-  
roundings; he is fostered and sustained by im-  
pulpable essences; he learns and is and grows  
from contacts and accretions.

Let us beware how we remove from the boy  
anything that may constitute the source of that  
still elusive, the heart-felt, instinctive protest which  
you used to make on Saturday nights when you  
were ordered to drag one of the washbasins up by  
the kitchen stove and go to it. You did not ob-  
ject to going in so, bathing in summer time, but  
that was not a bath. You might get cold, but  
identically, or you might not, if you did, it was a  
misfortune readily remedied. The only reason  
that is that after swimming all day long we are  
cumulated at least a little salutary sand and  
mud in the process of dressing on the creek bank.  
But when cold weather came, and all innocent  
pleasures departed from the practice of bringing

the body into contact with an unnatural element,  
you fought against it; and you were right.  
You had heard of people who bathed every  
day, and who said they liked it. But you did not  
believe in them. You did not believe they did it.  
You could not believe they liked it.

You had heard that in cities people had  
bathrooms built right into their houses. But you  
did not think much of city people and their ways,  
anyhow.

And then, suddenly, when you were nine or ten  
years old, some fantastic person moved to the vil-  
lage and actually built a house with a bathtub in  
it.

In base emulation, in servile and craven imi-  
tation, other artists, as they began to accumulate  
money and fashionable ideas, put bathtubs in  
their houses, too!

People whom you knew, they were! Solid citi-  
zens! People whom you had always looked up  
to! People whom you had thought we could  
trust!

The thing spread. And a curious perversion of  
the public attitude began to spread along with it.  
Instead of the people who had bathrooms being  
made to feel that they were unnatural, and ef-  
feminate, the people who did not have bathtubs  
began to get apologetic!

Could decadence go any further in an Ameri-  
can village of the eighties?  
It could. It did! You were ten years old  
when you heard for the first time the phrase used  
quite casually, "My morning bath!"

Gradually you began to attach a meaning to  
that phrase. Gradually the sickening certainty  
began to be borne in upon you that right here, in  
your own town, were people who used those

bathtubs every morning and were not  
ashamed of it!

Were even beautiful of it!  
The worst was yet to come. At the age  
of twelve you yourself ceased to kick against the  
unhealthy practice of a Saturday night bath; the  
bath had been forced upon you, you were becoming  
graduated, you could see that it meant nothing to  
one way or the other, you could take it or leave  
it alone and you did not care, the finer instincts  
referred to in the more philosophical portions of  
this article had been overruled to that extent.

And then the "shades of the prison house" began  
to close. It is needless, and it would be painful,  
to follow your downward gradual step by step.  
Within another year you were bathing, still un-  
der protest, two or three times a week. Some of  
you even went as far as to bathe every day—  
though that was rare.

But the time had come when you had to  
goes off you did not care!

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## TALES OF A JEALOUS WIFE

VIII.—Harold Struggles for His Freedom

By THOMAS L. MASSON.

THE news that his wife was to be taken up  
by Mrs. Abercrombie Potter, the acknowl-  
edged social leader of Brightville, was like  
balm to the soul of Harold Pender.

For Mrs. Potter, with a dove of peace  
look in his eyes that would have been a real asset  
to the face of any full-blown pacifist.

Mrs. Potter had asked Myrtle Pender to join  
her in the intricacies and complicated joys of an  
afternoon reception which was to come off a little  
later and was to be the grand event that should  
launch Myrtle into the Brightville social swim.

Thus Harold lived in a fool's paradise for sev-  
eral days until one morning Myrtle leaned for-  
ward across the breakfast table, in her beautiful  
eyes the light of a firm resolve, and said sweetly:

"I have been thinking of all the possibilities  
and I have decided to give up my life."  
"Give up what?" said Harold, even then not  
realizing the full significance of her words.

"I'm not going to give my reception with Mrs.  
Potter. I am not going to make the attempt to  
go anywhere."

Harold went cold. Visions of distant games of  
golf, of dips in adjacent oceans, of motor trips  
to circumvent his way home with his old  
boy companion Tom Pitt while Myrtle was en-  
tertaining Brightville society queens on her front  
porch and could not get away to follow him sud-  
denly faded from his mind's eye.

"Why not?" he gasped.  
"I would take my life away from you. You see,  
don't you, I have been looking into the matter calmly.  
Mrs. Potter has taken an undoubted fancy to me  
and will introduce me everywhere. The reception  
we had planned would of course put me in. But I  
should have to join at least two country clubs  
besides the woman's club. Then there are at least  
ten more bridge clubs, the Saturday afternoon  
parting coffee, the ladies' auxiliary, to say  
nothing of dining. And that's only a beginning.  
Why, in a short time I should be so occupied that  
I would not be able to call a single moment on  
my own."

"It would really keep you busy, wouldn't it?"  
said Harold, his voice quivering with the excite-  
ment of losing such a large stake. "But, my dear,  
even at that we could work in a couple of after-  
noons together, eh?"

"Yes, Harold, and what would you be doing  
the rest of the time? You know that you would  
be utterly miserable."

"She looked at him longingly.  
"Say that you would be miserable," she re-  
plied.

"Certainly! Of course!" stammered Harold.  
But we must all make sacrifices. I feel, dear,  
that I ought not to ask too much of you. When  
I am away from you during the long business

hours you must have something to occupy your  
mind. No, Myrtle, you must not give up this idea,  
even though I suffer in being away from you. You  
must, you shall be one of the social leaders of  
Brightville."

"Get up and look for me almost sternly by the  
hand."  
"Say you will be a social leader!" he demanded.  
"I am already a social leader," she replied.

"I have already explained Mrs. Potter that it  
is all off," she said. "You know that when I once  
make up my mind nothing can change me. She  
must be used to being turned down, either. I don't  
think she will ever have much to do with me."

Harold's morning train was at this moment  
whistling at a distant station.  
"I'm off!" he said hoarsely. "But this must  
never do! I'll be home on the 5 o'clock train,  
don't do anything more until I get back. We  
must look up some way out of this."

The spouse heavily, but all the life had gone out  
of him as he stepped on the train. Peter was a  
man of him. Unconsciously they sat down in the  
same seat. Suddenly Harold made up his mind  
that he would resist Peter's services. There was  
nothing to lose and everything to gain. Harold  
had a winning manner that was a great help in  
time of trouble.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "I don't believe  
ordinarily in men mixing up with women's affairs,  
but let's be candid. I understand my wife has  
gone back on you."

Peter grinned.  
"Has she?" he said. "Well, it won't be the first  
time in the annals of Brightville that one woman  
has gone back on another." It had rather pleased  
him to learn that his wife, who had been in the  
social swim so long that her self-satisfaction had  
become ingrained, should be turned down by a  
person like Harold Pender.

"Yes," he went on. "I believe I did hear some-  
thing about it. Mrs. Potter says that Mr. Pender  
is not going in with her for some reception they  
were to give. Glad of it! Glad the muskets has  
found some one she can't control."

Harold spoke rapidly.  
"You're in a position to help me out, old fellow,"  
he said. "I have to put it so badly, for it sounds  
conceited, but the fact is my wife has a lions  
temperament. Now I'm awfully fond of her of  
course, but I like to get on once in a while and  
have a good time."

Peter nodded sympathetically.  
"Exactly," he replied. "That's the idea, that's  
a man's only salvation in these days. I did the  
same thing with my wife. Had to push her in at  
first. Now it's great! She's so busy she doesn't  
have time to look at me. Expensive, but it's the  
only way a man living in the suburbs can achieve  
his freedom. We must occasionally at meals, I  
suppose that you can't get away for a moment?"

"Not for a moment."  
"I used to be that way when we first moved  
out here."

"Well, you must help me out,"  
Peter considered.

"Your future happiness depends upon it," he  
replied. "I hope to get on with you. You  
must see Mrs. Potter. I imagine that she is a  
trifle hard now over Mrs. Pender's refusal, but  
when she really understands the situation she will  
give you the benefit of her vast experience. Run  
down my wife. Good friends, incidentally. Run  
up the house this afternoon and have a quiet  
talk with her. I'll arrange it over the telephone."

Harold grasped at the offer like a drowning  
man at a raft. In his excitement at the thought  
of saving his wife—and incidentally himself—he

forgot all about his statement to Myrtle that he  
would be home on the 5 o'clock train. Peter  
made arrangements to have him come out on the  
4 o'clock. Harold, arriving at Brightville, hurried  
to the Potter residence.

Mrs. Potter was waiting for him. She had  
given up a committee meeting for her husband.



Myrtle motored to the station.

Harold said that the future happiness of a very good